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Dedicated to those who are neither too "Sound" nor too "Liberal" to be Candid.

THE
LOVE LUCIFER;
OR,
WHITE, BLACK AND GRAY
SPIRITS.

BY

S. LEAVITT.

-date of 1st Ed. Phila. & N.Y. Bul.

"Perhaps the matter-of-fact experience of our author may shield some of our readers from obsessions."—
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.

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THE LOVE LUCIFER.

[THE author of 'The Love Lucifer' says in regard to it: 'I enclose a narration of *facts*. Not noted for assurance, I yet feel well assured that its publication in THE CONTINENTAL 'will do uses.' Should there be any among our readers who have inquired into our modern necromancy, they will not fail to recognize in the excited, wild, incoherent, and uncultured jargon of the spirits of 'The Love Lucifer,' the same style and character evinced by those to whom they may have been introduced by the 'mediums.' The two Bulvers, the Howitts, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the Halls, the De Morgans, &c., have taken a deep interest in these half-comic, half-serious, and always incoherent demonstrations.

Perhaps the matter-of-fact experience of our author may shield some of our readers from 'obsessions, delusions, magnetic streams of Od,' be they angelic, human, demoniac, or Koboldic in their origin.—*Ed. Con.*]

CHAPTER I.

THE things herein might well remain in soak for one decade, at least. The writer certainly did well to let a dozen sane, practical years pass between these experiences and their narration.

I was a youth after the own heart of my Presbyterian preceptors—proposed to become a Presbyterian preceptor. The son of a New York merchant, I was schooled in the schooling of such; and was steadfastly minded to know no life-purpose but the salvation of sinners. But I was a little restive—felt that the limits of the Shorter Catechism were too short and strait for me. The shadow of Schleiermacher's readjustment of Christianity was upon me. I felt that some old things were passing away. In common with so many others who inclined toward the sacerdotal office, I was unconsciously turning my back upon it, on account of the crudities contained in the only existing creeds for which I had any respect. American Protestant youth have not been alone in this regard. Says the London *Times*, 'The number of men of education and social position who en-

ter into orders is becoming less and less every year.' Let then ancient, true, everlasting Christianity be speedily adjusted to modern facts, lest it further lapse.

Free thoughted, earnestly disposed toward the acquirement and dissemination of absolute spiritual truth, as was not unnatural, I thoroughly investigated the 'Supernaturalism' of the day. I soon assented to the general proposition that sociability with the invisibles is practicable, if not profitable; but ever held at a cheap rate the philosophies and religions, harmonious and other, which the full-blooded ghost-mongers so zealously promulgated. I still maintain that great good will result from these chaotic developments; for instance, that the impartial mind will find in them that scientific foundation for belief in much of the supernaturalism (to repeat the absurd expression) of the Bible, of which the age stands in such woful need. That this generation does experience such a lack is made sufficiently apparent in the 'Essays and Reviews.' On no other point are the noble freemen who therein and thereby grope after the 'readjustment,' so utterly deaf, dumb, halt, and blind, as they are in respect to Scripture miracles. In fact, these writers cast the most wondrous of the *acta sanctorum* to the winds. Methinks the more thoughtful and earnest men of Christendom must, then, assent to the proposition that we have pressing need of a new flood of such practical phenomena as sturdy old Baxter gave to the Sadducees of his day, in his 'Certainty of the World of Spirits.' Whether these strange doings gradually cease, or take on new and more striking aspects, I doubt not they will help to give a healthy vigor to our emaciated faith in the existence of an unseen and spiritual world. Let us not, then, ut-

terly scorn the strange rabble who have rushed headlong after this curiouslest curiosity of modern times—except the rebellion—even though they may remind us of ‘the Queen’s ragged regiment of literature.’ It should be taken for granted that so startling a novelty would attract the floating scum of society, whether the solid folk heeded or derided it.

Though the following narrative may bring upon me an infinite derision, I have long felt that it should be published, on account of the light it throws upon some of the most mysterious facts of existence. Others may have had similar experiences; but, if so, pride keeps them from confessing how utterly they have been hoodwinked and enslaved by those invisible loafers who form so large a portion of the newcomers, and who are permitted—not to put on too fine a point—to do the dirty work of cleansing the modern mind of its gross Augean Sadduceism. The only theory promotive of self-complacency that I could ever concoct, as to why I was put through such an ordeal, is, that I was suffered for my own and the general benefit to see the dangers of necromancy, and especially the awful psychodynamical methods used by spirits to obsess and gradually craze human brains. I, at least, received a scare that made me careful, ever after, how I called spirits from the vasty deep, or elsewhere. After passing perils manifold, both carnal and spiritual—having gone, torrent-borne, through the yawning chasms represented in Cole’s ‘Voyage of Life’ pictures, I come into calmer seas, the lines fall in pleasant places; and now I sit me down, in life’s high noon—having lighted on a certain place where was a den (a pleasanter than Bunyan’s)—to write the strange things that befell me in the seeming long ago—the dew and freshness of my youth. And though I be reckoned of many a dreamer of dreams, he shall not, I think, go unprofited, who can rightly ‘read my rede.’

To come, then, to the details. I had been for several months, whether wisely or unwisely doth not appear, a link in one of those human chain rings supposed to be as peculiarly receptive of extra and super and ultra mundane facts as a legislative ‘ring’ is of the loose change of the lobby; and had sought in vain for personal contact with the world to come, when one afternoon a streak of the ‘od’ lightning suddenly ran down my right arm, as I sat in my private apartment, and behold I was a ‘writing mejum.’ The usual ‘proofs’ of relationship were given. Not being very credulous, however, I did not, at first, acknowledge them as such. But as my time was at my own disposal just then, I gave myself up to the influence for several days. The consequence was, that I became so thoroughly mesmerized, or ‘biologized,’ that I ceased to be complete master of my own faculties, and was forced to give a half assent to all the absurdities that were communicated. Be it understood, then, that these experiences are given as those of a person whose will, whose very soul and *proprium* had been temporarily subjugated by some other will or wills; and whose natural powers of discrimination were as much distraught as are those of the subjects of the itinerant biologist; who are made to believe, most firmly, that cayenne pepper is sugar, that water is fire, that a cane is a snake. As for the readers of this periodical who still insist that even animal and spiritual magnetism are humbugs, I can only say, with the author of the ‘Night Side of Nature,’ ‘How closely their clay must be wrapped about them!’ For one, I have generally avoided any witnessing of marvels of this class—priding myself in believing in their occurrence because of the pure *à priori* reasonableness of the thing.

It will be observed that in this, as in most other alleged intercourses with the invisible world, there is persistent, continuous attempt to excite *the vanity* of

the mortal who is venturing the dangerous experiment. If the secret history of all the modern mediums were revealed—no matter what their natural disposition to vanity—it would be found that the vast majority of them had been incessantly flattered by their spiritual familiars, and each informed that he or she was the very individual of whom a forlorn, misguided world had been all this while in anxious expectation! This appears to have been the history of necromancy from the beginning. Flattery has ever been the chief stock in trade of those beings who are so properly called 'seducing spirits.' 'Tis ever with glozing words that these children of the wilderness gain the ear and the affections, and entrance through the heart-gates kept by Parley the Porter. Let me not be supposed to include in this class all the spirits who have been of late years so busy among us mortal and immortal Yankees. I consider that the old expression 'white, black, and gray' fully describes the denizens of the 'interior.' In fact, all seers insist that human creatures, in and out of the body, appear to them white or variously shaded toward black, according to their moral status. It is probable that the reason why the black and gray varieties have been so almost exclusively heard from, of late, is to be found in the fact, that it is contrary to the laws of God and nature for us to *seek* society beyond the terrestrial plane; and that our only proper course, in this regard, is to avoid the supernatural, as a general thing; and when it is apparently thrust upon us, to have only so much to do with it as is quite inevitable. When the authorities of heaven have anything to say to a mortal, they will *force* him to listen, if necessary—even if they have to throw him, like Paul, from his horse.

Well, I had embarked, like Virgil, or Dante, on my perilous tour through Hades. There was, at once, a crowding about my pathway (only a bridle path) of ostensible, estimable deceased

relatives, who, after imparting a variety of priceless information, started off in the usual style, magnifying mine office. According as their influence over my rational faculties became more complete, the proportions of their Munchausenisms increased. Unfortunately for the duration of the fantasy, their jumble of Scripture prophecies concerning me—which was then made to appear nearly coherent—was so plainly writ, that as soon as the blockade of my faculties was raised, the illusion, never more than half complete, was dispelled. My 'great mission' was not fully developed at the first session; but when I had become perfectly clairaudient (I never became clairvoyant), and could dispense with the pencil, a queer mixture of metempsychosis and Parseeism was poured into my ear. It ran somewhat as follows: The two beings first created were, a Lucifer predominant in love, and a Lucifer predominant in intellect; whom we may call the Love Lucifer and the Intellectual Lucifer. The latter was the individual who fell, who played the copperhead in Eden, and has been kicking up such a bobbery ever since. The story ran, that these two persons—the original Ahriman and Ormozd—have been tilting against each other all through earth's career—appearing in the forms of the principal good and bad men. Thus their quarrels gave the outline and the skeleton to the whole story of Adam's race. According to this new 'philosophy of history,' these spirits of light and darkness have been, from the beginning, striving for the mastery; on the one hand, in the persons of the most eminent saints, from Abraham to Augustine, and others not yet canonized; on the other hand, in the persons of the world conquerors noted for heartless intellectuality, from Nimrod to Napoleon (shall we add Jeff. Davis?). Well, I, great I, was to enjoy the distinguished honor of finishing the list of Love Lucifers; and, after winding up the small affairs

of earth, was to lock up the other big dog—after he had appeared in his last great role—and then inaugurate the millennium—a new latter-day Jacob's ladder having been established in the centre of Africa to forward the work.

It soon appeared that there was a tar, a *prima donna*, in this company who—after adding a few loose planks to life's little stage—were striving to still personate mortals and put off immortality. A deceased damsel, of whom I had heard as 'a morning star among the living,' appeared now, as 'a Hesper among the dead;' and was imposingly introduced to me, by a *quasi* near 'relative,' as being only too happy to learn that she was one half of the eternal unit of which I was the complement. I began to be as lordly and self-satisfied as the bewildered sot in the 'Taming of the Shrew.' After exhausting my small stock of writing paper, I concluded to allow my new friends to spend their loquacity on some old college note books, the handiwork of a relative—every other page being blank. The venerable professors of Columbia College would have had their dignity and propriety quite frightened out of them, had they seen what weird statements were presently sandwiched in with their dry disquisitions on science and philosophy. Whenever an especially startling announcement was made, a furious gust of the 'od' would run down my arm; and each word would be made to cover half a page. We went into the new business regardless of expense.

My invisible charmer, who had—it must be said, not very prudishly—proposed for my hand, no sooner got possession of it, than 'she' began to protest that when she learned what a splendid fate was in store for her, as *tender* to my royal highness, she could only weep for joy for several days. Presently she sent out through my captive digits the following:

'We have, indeed, a long journey to travel together, most loving partner;

and how my innermost soul exults, in view of that unending oneness, of soul and spirit, which is to be our portion! . . . Ah me, why was I chosen to join my eternal being with yours? when innumerable seraphs would salute you 'husband' with enthusiastic joy and gratitude! . . .'

Here is one plain fact, whatever else may be doubted. After conversing for two days with this extraordinary visitor, I became most desperately in love with her, or him, or it—as you please. Though past my majority, my placid nature had never before been thoroughly aroused in this direction. Now, by reason of the tact and knowledge of my nature, possessed by the invisible party, and still more because of my state of mesmeric subjection, I was sighing like a furnace or a Romeo. Not Ulysses, Circe tempted—not Sintram seeking his Undine—not the hapless sailor wight pursuing the maiden of the *mer*, was more utterly enamored than was I. As a proof that I was no bad specimen of the 'gushing' persuasion, at this period, read the following expressive though sometimes commonplace retort. I do not profess to know, and do not much care, whether it was the utterance of an artful fiend, a misguided saint, or one of those 'sympathetic spirits' of whom Swedenborg makes frequent mention. According to his statement, these beings are in such a condition, that whenever they come in contact with a mortal, they chime in with and encourage the views and tendencies of their terrestrial acquaintance; and often, without meaning it, lead him into great errors—being themselves used as cats' paws by decidedly evil spirits. But here is the tender missive, which I transcribe from between two heavy pages of notes on the Aristotelian and Baconian philosophies:

'I thought that I had experienced the joys of reciprocal affection; but never until now have begun to realize what an unbounded sea of bliss two kindred souls can bathe in. Ah! who could

have convinced me that so much rapture could be crowded into a few moments, as was mine while you were pouring forth the inexhaustible treasures of your mind upon my entranced ear? Spare me the sudden transition from mere esteem to such huge, melodious, irresistible outpouring of affection. It takes away my strength; while the expression of my warm feelings can never so affect your sturdy, much tried, trouble-scathed manhood.'

You see that the flattery is never forgotten. But adulation is an instrument of the weak as well as of the deceitful. The utterer of this may have been innocent of fraud, and, like myself, mesmerized into following the will of a more powerful being. Again, the purpose of *this* being may have been a good one. Such, and so many, and so great, and varied, and strange, seem to be the possibilities and dangers of the inner life.

A systematic series of attempts seems to have been made—by some person or persons to the deponent most emphatically unknown—to get my cool, phlegmatic nervous system and brain excited. The two principal means made use of to complete the obsession were, that just mentioned, and the announcement of a succession of 'big things,' as about to occur—the biggest kind of things—those the expectation of which was best calculated to set my brain in a whirl. It will be seen, in the sequel, that, failing to thoroughly accomplish their purpose by such means, my spirit friends or fiends, as the case may be, undertook the bug-a-boo, frightening process; which was apparently working successfully, when their operations, in that style, were suddenly brought to a final close, by some means which must ever, I suppose, remain unknown to me. The startling events stated as imminent were generally made dependent upon the clairvoyant opening that had been promised me.

The first beatific vision that was to greet my gaze would be, of course, that

one which I was to behold most frequently throughout the æons without end—even the face of that radiant being who had gone before, to await me in the angelhood; where, beaming seraphic upon me forever, it was to be to me the embodiment of all ideals of loveliness, grace, refinement, love. In its every lineament I was to read and decipher an endless series of ever fresh and most celestial arcana—was continually to find new proof of love and wisdom, and of the divine ability to adapt human to human. Since the love of the mate is next to the love of the Maker, it is no profanity to say that,

'When I'd been there ten thousand years,
Bright, happy as the sun,
I'd have no less days to sing its praise
Than when I first begun.'

Instead of through a fast-waning honeymoon of love, that face was to entrance me while the sun of heaven stood in the zenith of heaven—and we read that there is *no* night there, forevermore. Was not this promised sight a sufficient cause for excitement? What prospect—save that of a vision of Deity—could be better adapted to arouse the loftiest and most exquisite emotions? What better fitted to gather into one all long-cherished feelings of admiration and reverence for the noble of the other sex—to aggregate and revive all those chivalrous, gallant, elevating, purifying, tender thoughts which we have ever had, with regard to them, in our highest moments?

Some reader may say: 'Why will you thus attempt to dignify ideas that you acknowledge were excited in a confused brain, by apparently mischievous or irresponsible spirits?' I answer, that even if the immediate exciting cause of this current of ideas was some ill-designing being, the ideas themselves were not, necessarily, either evil or undignified; and that only such portion of the brain was addled as would be likely to rebel against the obsession.

Waiting the appointed hour, I sat

imagining the scene. I saw *myself* suddenly rising ('sudden Ianthe rose') from the prone body and all circum-jacent grossness—rising, through clouds and darkness, to some delightful plane of the inner world. A dozen yards in front of me, beside a graceful tree, would stand 'the only.' We would gaze at each other, with intense scrutiny, for some moments. Each would think, 'There is plenty of time; it is to last forever.' We would even look about us, still saying nothing. Being eternally modelled, fitted, fore-ordained, and predestinated for each other, love arrows would, of course, have pierced our centres of palpitation at the first mutual glance. Still, though quivering with emotion, neither would be disposed to lessen the distance. Methought we would even seat ourselves on the mossy banks—the dozen yards still intervening—and, each leaning back against a tree, would 'face the enemy'—the eternal joy-sharer, sorrow-sharer, worship, wisdom, love, pity, wonder, use, sport, hope-sharer; while, occasionally, a premonitory, prophetic pang of rapture out of the coming eternities of bliss would thrill

through us. I had even a fancy that there would be no interchange of words, no lessening of the coy distance of space and manner, during this first interview. 'It is to last so long! so long!' Again, I fancied that we might sit there only weeping, as we looked and *loved*. 'So long! so long!' Tender, dewy eyes wandering naively, innocently, over each feature of face and form—inquiry, wonder, joy in them—pleased surprise, that such and such points of the vision should be as they are. Indefinite longings becoming definite, as all things longed for appear embodied, as faith is lost in sight. Again, I imagined laconic speech might ensue—like the single-line dialogue of Greek tragedies. But here the wings of imagination drooped, and I could only see the separation. She would glide toward me. Her warm finger-tips would touch my palm, her tender azure eyes would beam once fully and closely upon me. One moment I would see the inner heaven opened; and the next—the familiar furniture of my room would be before me. Thus I imagined. The curious may learn what actually befell, on a future occasion.

THE LOVE LUCIFER.

CHAPTER II.

I FIND myself writing upon matters connected, at least, with religion, with the thought of saying something useful—of presenting a valuable experience, if not a valuable congeries of new ideas. Most readers deeply interested in religion are, by this time, demanding that I show my colors—present my creed; otherwise they will shut themselves up from my influence. As I write, church bells are ringing. I know that many of those who now assemble to hang with a deathly solemnity upon the lips of preachers—while death, hell, heaven, eternity, atonement are the themes—will say: ‘He treats lightly the most serious matters: he treads with dancing pumps on holy ground.’ Now I claim to be, above all things, an earnest, solemn person. Yet do I verily believe that there is a humorous side to all subjects, that is not ignored by even the loftiest beings; and that, in a restricted sense, it may be said of all well-balanced persons, as a philosopher has said of children: ‘Because they are in innocence, therefore they are in peace; and because they are in peace, therefore all things are with them full of mirth.’ It must be admitted, however, that if the ‘orthodox’ creed is wholly correct, we find in the Puritans and their existing imitators the only consistent Christians. In view of the inevitable damnation of a majority of the race, they set their faces against all mirth; would eat no pleasant bread, and wear no beautiful raiment. I followed them to the letter, till, the ‘naked eye’ not being wholly blinded, nor the ear deafened by theologic din, I saw that nature, in all her guises and voices, was firmly opposed to all such gloomy dogmas.

In a word, then, as to creed, I find no satisfactory platform save that of the

broadest eclecticism. The motto of the old Greek, ‘Know that good is in all,’ is mine. I am aware that the danger accruing from this style of creed is, that one often gets, in the effort at impartiality, into the meshes of pantheism; and then your list of gods many and lords many comprises all the chief divinities, from Brahm and Buddh to Thor; you priding yourself the while upon the consideration shown for ‘local prejudices’ by your not putting Christ at the end of the list. But, after life-long investigation, I am not ashamed to say, in the words, though not in the spirit of Emperor Julian, ‘Galilean, thou hast conquered;’ with Augustine, ‘Let my soul calm itself in Thee; I say, let the great sea of my soul, that swell eth with waves, calm itself in Thee;’ with De Staël, ‘Inconcevable énigme de la vie; que la passion, ni la douleur, ni le génie ne peuvent découvrir, vous revelerez-vous à la prière;’ with practical Napoleon, ‘I know men, and Jesus Christ was not a man;’ with a Chevalier Bunsen and a Beecher, ‘Jesus Christ is my God, without any ifs or buts.’ I can assent more decidedly than does Teuflesdröck, in the ‘Everlasting Nay,’ to the doctrine of regeneration. I narrow the whole matter down to these plain facts: Of all religions, Christianity is best calculated to elevate man’s nature; and of all Christians, they reach the highest spiritual condition who regard Christ as utterly divine.

On this other matter that enters so largely into my narrative—the conjugality of disembodied spirits—I cannot forbear some further discourse before proceeding historically. The absurd idea is still prevalent that there is no sex in heaven. Those who retain this notion, despite the revelations of science concerning the universality of sex

throughout creation, cannot reason very candidly. When we find in the earth positives but no negatives, light but no heat, strength but no beauty, action but no passivity, wisdom but no love, intellection but no intuition, reflection but no perception, science but no religion, then, at last, may we expect to see in the heavens men but no women.

Take the conjugal element from human creatures, and you have Hamlet without the ghost. Excepting, perhaps, the religious, it is the most powerful, prominent, exacting part of our nature. In 'man's unregenerate state,' at least, the love story is the most interesting book, marriage the most interesting ceremony, true lovers' dalliance the most interesting sight. For the beloved, one relinquishes all else—performs the greatest prodigies. Marriage is the subject most thought of, most talked about. Around it cluster all the other events of life. Rejoice, then, O 'romantic' youth and maiden, now in the days of thy youth; for this flitting romance—so soon interrupted by care and grief, by shop and kitchen and nursery, by butcher, baker, tailor, milliner, and cordwainer—is about the most genuine experience you will have in this world. Therefore, say I, cultivate romance. Devour a goodly number of the healthier novels. Weep and laugh over them—believing every word. Amadis de Gaul, even, is a better model than Gradgrind. Adore each the other sex—positively worship! Both *are* worshipful (in the 'abstract').

What healthy-minded person loves not to behold the eye-sparkle of pure admiration between young man and maid? 'They worship, truly, they know not what.' In bowing down to their ideal, they bow to the *real* human—the purified man or woman of the better land. The recluse is ever the true prophet and seer, in this as in still higher matters. Your modest-eyed student, stealing glances of unfeigned admiration at ordinary maidens, is not

such a simpleton as some suppose. His seclusion has cleared his vision. He sees on through the eons—sees things as they will or may be—regards the objects of his adoration as he will in the angelhood. Why will so many decry this admiration?—when they see that, not till the youth passes the purely romantic age—fourteen to sixteen or eighteen—and begins to have commonplace thoughts of the other sex, does mischief arise.

The idea of eternal conjugality should lighten all faces with hope, and should have a most conservative influence in society. Those who are not very well matched, and yet are conscious that the very highest earthly bliss comes of a right mating, are not content to pass through this life without enjoying this bliss, if they suppose that it appertains solely to earth. So, many of them break bounds and bonds. Let these but accept the idea that conjugality is one of the chief features of the heavenly life, and they can settle down steadily to the apparent duties of this sphere, content with 'peace on earth,' since now they feel sure of rapture in heaven—a rapture, too, mind you, of a kind with which they are somewhat acquainted. It is all very well to anticipate the joy which 'eye hath not seen,' etc. But men need the prospect of an eternal joy they know of, as much as they needed that awe-inspiring Jehovah should outwork in love-inspiring Christ. In view of this, among other joys set before him, the extra-earnest worker, in public or private, can more easily deprive himself of that amount of social intercourse with the other sex which he craves. Such can suffice themselves with occasional glimpses of the complementary portion of mankind; and as they hurriedly pass seraphic faces in the street, they wave the hand of the spirit after them, saying: 'I prithee, O thou wonder, art human or no?' 'O you sweet beautiful! 'the king's business requires haste.' Providence has set our lives so far apart we cannot

hear each other speak.' But you will be a woman, and I will be a man, forever. In paradise, I will read wonderful things in those and other such eyes, and wonder at you forever. *Vale! vale!*

There is a poet claiming to be of the supernal life—especially of the supernal conjugal—who has written 'epics' and 'lyrics,' of which I must honestly say, as Emerson, I believe, once honestly said of some of the writings of Swedenborg: 'I read them with an unction and an afflatus quite indescribable.' They lift one to the empyrean like nothing else I know of outside the Bible. There is such a saintly purity; such a wondrous, rich, mellow joyousness; such bounding elasticity of spirit; such an evidently irresistible gush of song in the heart; such broad catholicity of religion, that, to some, it seems impossible that they could have been written anywhere but under the perpetual midsummer skies of paradise. It may show poor taste, but to me, in those regions of the upper ether wherein Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, and Shelley grow wing-weary, he soars on strong, free pinion. His 'imaginings,' if such they are, of immortal life, as much surpass in plausibility and naturalness those of Milton, Dante, and Virgil, as the acting of a first-class theatre surpasses that seen in the old monkish 'mysteries.' This writer, T. L. Harris, has won much recognition in both hemispheres; would win much more if he appeared simply as a poet, and did not claim a seer faculty, making many positive statements that cannot be verified. He certainly comes up to Aristotle's standard, where he says: 'The object of the poet is not to treat the True as it really happened, but as it should have happened.'

And now the story. I left myself indulging in reveries concerning the expected sight of my invisible charmer. The appointed hour came. I was quite excited. I knew that the land was already full of people who claimed to see the sights of the other world as

spirits see them, and fully expected to have my clairvoyant faculty opened. But I saw no 'sudden Ianthe;' and to this day have never seen even a kobold, a wraith, or a düppelganger! This was doubtless fortunate; for I was nearly driven into lunacy by the things I *heard* before I reached the end of this 'youthful adventure.' I should have gone 'clean daft' if the bugaboos had been permitted to show me the sights they presently promised.

Soon came again my collocutor with explanations.

'You were in such a state of excitement that the united efforts of more than forty of your spirit friends were utterly unavailing for the opening of your sight. We, too, became so excited that we lost all control of ourselves, and could only weep to hear your mournful appeals followed by your surrender of all claims upon me.' . . . 'Do not think that I could ever hope to bask beneath the sunshine of your smile after having intentionally deceived you.'

Then followed much similar feminine beguilement; the faculty for which seems to be rather increased by the Jordan bath.

It began to be a noticeable fact that their magnetic power over me was such that they could cast me down to the borders of despair, and raise me thence to rapture at will. Thus a few moments of such ordinary blandishments as the following were the only apparent means of raising my usually slow-moving spirits from a very low to a very high pitch. I was complaining of the waste of paper, in writing words of letters three or four inches high; did not think any law, even a law of nature, justified the imposition of such an expenditure upon a spouse in a separate sphere. 'She' promised to tone down the expressions of attachment until she could talk as largely as she pleased; and to some further suggestions, replied:

'Really, you are quite impertinent,

considering the short time we have been married.' . . .

Slightly singular as it may seem to those who think that this narration is all gammon, I had gone through the usual course of acquaintanceship with this airy nothing; was first distant and reserved; then slightly thawed, though still horrified at the thought of having all my thoughts read; and finally, after I felt that the invisible eyes had read, in my memory, every page of my history, was perfectly familiar and at ease in the presence this finite searcher of hearts.

I find, next in order, the following:

'So you wish me to *prove* that we were married, do you? Well, when you become a denizen of this higher, but none the less practical sphere, you may read, if you please, where, with wonder and strange emotion, I read, in the heavenly records of marriages.' . . . [It was dated about the time of my birth.] 'Your banter is not so agreeable as your tenderness.' . . . 'You are incorrigible. It will take me many a long age to bring you to a due sense of my importance,' etc. 'Some of my friends are beside themselves with mirth, at my vain attempts at taming a spirit so rude.' Then came another promise of opened vision. 'A truly solemn scene is at hand. Spend the interval in prayer.'

But again there was something wrong about the spiritual zinc or acid, and the electrical machinery would not work. The fair or foul deceiver (who knows?) came up very solemn after this failure.

'Though all men forsake thee,' said Peter, 'yet will not I forsake thee.' So now, when the highest spirits of heaven have fled in terror and dismay, your poor darling will not forsake you. Well might I sit, like Job's friends, seven days, ay, seventy times seven, in silent contemplation of him who—wo is me!—fears that I am but another Delilah, commissioned by his enemies

to betray him into their hands. What can I say? what do? Oh that I had never seen the glorious light of the sun or the pure myriads of my happy home, rather than I should have beheld that sight last night. How can I explain the fact that he, whom I, at least, believe to be heaven's most supreme (string of adjectives) favorite, is sitting here with his unutterable but unrepining sorrow looking forth from his . . . eyes.'

Just here I caught a glimpse of my asininity, and turning in wrath and scorn to my Titania, said, mockingly:

"While I thine *amiable* cheeks do coy!"

To this she replies: 'Do not heap additional reproaches upon me, by any such awfully ludicrous quotations.' . . . 'So you think that your Delilah is striving to gain time by all these pious and otherwise interesting remarks?' . . . 'Nay, do not with loathing cast me from you as an unholly and hateful thing! for then, oh, what I should then do or be, I cannot, dare not even think.' . . . 'Again you see my woman's heart cannot suppress its emotions toward one who still hopes that he has been talking with ———; and who says that, for him to be convinced of this, is to be convinced that she who has been talking with him has not intentionally deceived him.'

She then wrought upon my feelings by portraying her sufferings, until, in my maudlin condition, I was casting about to find how I should help her; just as you sometimes see a drunken tramp striving to pull his drunken pal out of a ditch.

'So, most self-forgetful, you begin to think that you ought to help me bear my burden; as you have planned sitting there, with your little friend encircling you in her so warm embrace. But why should I inform you of such fact, as this last, until you are convinced that all you have heard is not the wily utterance of seducing and

hellish spirits? Try not to entertain such awful suspicions. As to the cause of these lamentable failures, I can only suppose that the Lord wishes to make us, who wrongly prophesied, sensible of our inability to foretell future events.'

Then came some bungled Scriptures about my 'mission,' which roused my ire. My taunts drew forth this response:

'Why do you love to ridicule my tenderness, and speak so awfully to one who has no other human source of perfect happiness?'

The day following, the solemn dodge was again resorted to. I began to feel a sort of awe creeping over me. My affectionate friend thereupon wrote:

'What a change a few minutes have wrought in you. Yes! yes! the morning light is breaking. The fiery trial is complete. As I write there rests upon your now placid brow a glorious and marvellously beautiful crown. The cup is drained. 'To him that sat in the valley and shadow of death light has sprung up.' And now awe seizeth me: for there standeth, as yet a long way off, one whose form is like to that of the Son of Man. In a very little while, now, the great event must inevitably occur. He who stands upon the holy mount prepares to open your sight, and give you your commission. How can we see him face to face and live! Let not a passing suspicion of further delay disturb you. Already you begin to feel the influence of his approach. Well may you heave a sigh—as one who experiences a sudden and unlooked-for relief. In less than ten minutes the Lord will appear to you. So make ready, in solemn meditation and prayer, for the most solemn event of your or any other man's life is at hand.'

'If the vision tarry, wait for it,' is the only scripture that seems applicable to my visions: for still they came not. Yet some very serious and substantial experiences now fell to my lot, which shall be the theme of another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

As manager of this exhibition, I would request the orchestra to play something gloomy and grand, during the remainder of the performance; something weird, mysterious; something in which you can hear the sighing of the wind through the pines of the Hartz Mountains or the Black Forest. A passage from a *Faust* opera or *Der Freischütz* might meet the case; for it began to be intimated to me, now that I was sufficiently clairaudent to be able to dispense almost entirely with the pencil, that his Satanic Majesty was no indifferent spectator of the preparation of the man who was about to interfere so signally with his plans and pursuits. Thereupon there began to steal over me for the first time,

'A sense of something dreadful, something near.'

However it was managed, from this moment till the end of this phase of life I am narrating, I had an almost constant sense of the presence of 'genii of the pit,' of vast intelligence, cruel as ever Satan was imagined, relentless as fate, cold as Dante's ice hells could make them. At first, some influence led me to review the traditional history and prospects of my supposed distinguished visitor, at some length. I discussed the state of his case with no little unction, though shaking in my boots, and in momentary expectation of being gobbled up, body and soul, and whisked off in sulphurous smoke, with only a sulphur-burnt hole in the carpet to mark the spot where I saw the last of earth.

Presently my inseparable companion broke in with:

'He hears you! he hears you! and never may it be my lot again to look upon—' . . . 'There he is again, glaring with inexpressible rage upon the comparatively insignificant man who just now so plainly revealed to him 'the true state of the case.' I am almost afraid to look upon that awful

visage. 'The state of the case is it?' he exclaims. 'We will see what is the state.'—

There is a break here in the manuscript, which is resumed thus: 'You have conquered! frantic with rage he has fled, never, I trust, to return.'

How will I remember what happened during that awful pause? It was spent, I supposed, in a hand-to-hand conflict with the Prince of Darkness; the agreeableness of which was not enhanced by my vivid recollection of the 'bit of a discooshin' between Christian and Apollyon depicted in the old family Pilgrim's Progress. We are truly 'the stuff that dreams are made of.' What mattered it to me, on that bland summer afternoon, since I was of this opinion, whether it was Beelzebub himself or some departed 'blazing tinman,' with a suit of his majesty's old clothes on, while himself, all snug at home,

'Sat in his easy chair,
Drinking his sulphur tea.'

That was certainly one of the most awful moments of my life, in which I felt the first dreadful rush of this invisible tiger. It seemed as if he swooped toward me to annihilate me in a moment; but was restrained by a higher power. His coming was like the rush of a fifteen-inch shell past one's head.

As soon as I saw that the first onset did not destroy me, I gathered strength to face the monster; for a tongue combat seemed all that was permitted him. He put me through my theological paces at an awful rate—using the Socratic dialectic—growing out questions in the tones of a cathedral organ, that made me shiver. Oh that I could remember that fearful catechism! It would make a tract for which the Tom Paine Association would pay a high price. He drove me—partly, I suppose, by magnetic force—step by step, from my cherished religious opinions. My reasons for believing in the cardinal doctrines of Christianity seemed to burn like straw before his fiery rhetoric, and

to turn to dust beneath the ponderous blows of his iron logic. He pushed me away from all I had esteemed reliable in the universe, till I seemed to stand on the verge of creation. There I hung with the strength of terror. Then I found poet Campbell true to nature, where he speaks of hope standing intact 'mid Nature's funeral pyre.' I insisted upon 'hoping,' in spite of all his fiery hail.

After he had beaten down all my defences, he began to jeer at me with fierce sneers and goblin laughter that froze my blood. 'So I was the contemptible manikin who dared to entertain the idea of equality with him—the Star of the Morning—one breath of whose nostrils would wither me into nonentity. So I presumed to stand up and face him, who had, in his time, scattered the hosts of heaven! If it were not for those cursed, white-livered things (angels) that stood in the way, he would swoop down and destroy me in an instant.'

Having found and maintained foothold for several minutes on the rock of hope, I began to consider how weak things had of erst confounded the things that were mighty, and soon the wirepullers behind the scenes (whoever they were) had me smiting him hip and thigh. I 'began in weakness, but ended in power.' At first a few muttered remonstrances, but finally whole Ironsides broadsides, with the result above named. The words of my antagonist, during this encounter, rang through my brain with awful distinctness. For a day or two I had been communicating partly with the pencil, and partly by clairaudience, eked out by writing in the air with my forefinger. But this demon, or demon *pro tem.*, needed not to write his words: his 'trumpet gave no uncertain sound.'

The thoughtful reader will perceive what a strong point my magnetizers gained by this scene. After disappointing me so many times, they could not, with all their power over me, have kept

me from throwing the whole thing overboard, without resorting to some such *coup d'état*. Being, doubtless, on better terms with the infernal than with the supernal regions, these denizens of the Intermediate Limbo (we will suppose that my strange guests were mostly of this sort of nondescripts) had perhaps induced some *bona fide* demon to act the part of the king of them all, 'for this night only.' It certainly was an 'immense success.' I, to be sure, had not received the expected commission: but had I not fought the great red dragon, and, like another St. George, pinned him to the earth, through supernatural aid? Here was a substantial success. I write this merrily enough now; but was not often merry then—was indeed acting great, real tragedy.

I was not long to enjoy this triumph. The word came: 'Again he comes!' Then I had another long, hard fight; but this time was not pushed so near the wall. I was then told by my spiritual adviser and Circe of the unbounded admiration expressed for me by those who had listened to this 'ever-memorable' disputation.

The attempt to craze me, or—putting the best face on it—to show me *how spiritists are generally crazed*, now began in downright earnest. All that night, despite my entreaties to be permitted to sleep, I was kept awake, and busied with a variety of 'extremely important' business. I am naturally a solid, regular sleeper, and do not prosper upon Napoleon or Humboldt portions of repose; but now could only suit my persecutors by rising on one elbow in bed, and 'wrestling' for the salvation of my next neighbor. They sedulously poured into my mind all manner of apocrypha concerning this gentleman's shortcomings—about the necessity of praying for and at him, and about the effects of my efforts, i. e., bringing a streak of celestial light upon him—until I was almost ready to wish that he might be —, rather than that I should have any such unseasonable work to

perform in his behalf. But they kept me at it, straight through the night and a large portion of the next day; and finally induced me to go, much against my will, to reveal to him some of my experiences, and to endeavor to force from him an acknowledgment that what I had heard about him was true.

The attempt to cause at least a temporary aberration of my intellect now becomes very plain in the manuscript. Every idea is uttered in the most exciting manner. All statements and prognostications about my neighbor having proved false (he was amazed at my procedure), the invisible busybodies boiled over thus:

'He has lied! he has lied to you! and if you would preserve your reason, go and read the papers to him. He had schooled himself to show no emotion, and you showed enough to excite his worst, most hideous fears. So go, for Heaven's sake! He quailed once, and only once, before your not sufficiently steady gaze. Woe! woe! woe! Now what shall be done?' . . . [Evidently trying to get up a teapot tempest.] 'Do not strive to unravel this mystery in that fiercely keen way, or this evil spirit will have to give place to a more expert deceiver. God will certainly do something soon to set these matters straight, or I shall cease to be!' [She had said annihilation was possible!] 'Your father wishes to speak to you.'

A fatherly spirit it was truly—was for driving me mad offhand, but over-shot the mark.

'Son, this is awful! I can only say to you, be calm and cool, for you will need to be both to get free from this snare of Satan, so well conceived. Better go to supper now (for appearance sake): after that, pray for help. When you took away those books [after reading extracts to the neighbor], the whole crew of devils,' etc., etc.

This exciting language 'brought me up with a round turn.' I saw at once

the object of the person who was talking with me. So I brought the affair to a full stop, as far as the use of my hand was concerned. I simply added, on that leaf—speaking now for myself:

‘I will hear no further. This part of my discipline is finished.’

But I was forced to hear, whether I wrote or not. I had come to this wisdom too late. I fully believe that, as far as my ability to prevent the catastrophe was concerned, I was then and there a possessed person—a *slave of spirits*—as utterly bound to do the will of my magnetizers as ever a ‘subject’ was. Though I cannot be persuaded that all these beings, from whom unseen I had heard so much, were ‘only evil continually,’ no ‘harmonialist’ can persuade me that those who now began to play with me, as a cat plays with a mouse, were other than evil. In all imaginable ways, they strove to show me how utterly I had lost self-command and self-control. (I am esteemed obstinate by nature.)

What is very singular, I now lost sight of my ‘prima donna.’ It would seem natural that a Delilah would, at least, have come with a jeering ‘The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.’ But no, not till this great tribulation was over did I hear from ‘her.’

That evening and night were spent, mostly, in showing me that I was no longer my own master. There was not, however, that continuous hell-blast upon me that so scorched my soul on the following afternoon. The cats were tossing me in their velvet paws—only occasionally protruding a sharp claw as a reminder, until they could feel surer of their victim. They would say to me: ‘Now we will exalt you to heaven;’ and up I went, higher, higher, higher into the empyrean, until I heard the music of the spheres, and all things were ablaze with light and glory. Again they would say: ‘Now go down into hell;’ and the scene changed as suddenly as do those of a ten-cent pan-

orama, when a midnight storm at sea or a volcanic eruption is about to be rolled in view: I went down *ad imis*—‘down to the bottom of the sea—the earth with her bars was around me forever.’ Blank horror and anguish seized me. Hope fled to its impregnable corner of my heart, till the calamity was overpast. A hasheesh agony was upon me, as before I had known its boundless bliss. And thus variously I fared through all that second night of sleeplessness. They probably sent me up and down this scale of sensation twenty times during eight hours. This night I was not at all sleepy. A few more such would have finished the business; and there would have been ‘another awful effect of the spiritual delusion’ to chronicle. The honest verdict of the first century would have been: ‘Another possessed of devils or devil-crazed.’ The wretches well knew that insomnia is an excellent preparation for insanity.

Toward morning a new scheme was invented. Some ostensible good friend informed me, in a business-like way, that the work of the morrow for me—the new Saul of Tarsus—was to set out for a certain town in Vermont, where I should find my Ananias; who ‘would show me what things I should do.’ So the faithful slave of the genii prepared to obey. I packed a carpet bag, and went early to the residence of a medical friend, who had been dabbling in the same arcana. I gave him a sketch of what I had experienced; yet, for some reason, did not start for Vermont, but remained with him all the morning. My invisible monitors sent me out into the street several times, to find people who could not be found. (Anything to keep up their influence.)

Toward noon the fact came plainly to me that an effort was being made to disturb, if not destroy, my reason. I began to find my ideas becoming incoherent in spite of hugest effort. I called my friend, and said to him, through set teeth, but as coolly as possible:

'I find myself to be thoroughly and utterly a magnetic subject, an abject subject of mischievous spirits. They are striving to derange my faculties. I am exceedingly alarmed to find that they are trying, with much success, to render my ideas incoherent. It is only by a very great effort of will that I am enabled to speak these words distinctly to you. As far as my private power of resistance is concerned, I am gone. Do exert your powerful magnetism; perhaps you can drive them off.'

He was much distressed, and exerted himself mightily (he was a professed electrician), combining will power with that ancient agent, prayer, to exorcise the evil influence. But his efforts were useless, as the vagabonds well knew, before they brought me there on exhibition. They had not spent the week in vain. I had sold myself to them as squarely as fools ever did in German legend.

When dinner was announced, the doctor wished me to accompany him. I refused, and he left me, to take a hasty meal. Finding, when he was gone, that I was growing worse, I went into the street, determined that if I was to be crazed, I would not sit there and let him watch the operation. I walked on, vowing that I would not turn toward home until my faculties were restored; and execrating *my folly in permitting the enslavement!* On, on I rushed, my head all ablaze with 'od' that had no business there, and praying as I never had prayed before. I took the Gowanus road toward Greenwood. Perhaps it was some defunct rogue there interred, who was leading me on to 'rave among the tombs.'

Arrived at a spot where a little tree-capped promontory overhangs the beach, I turned aside, beneath the projection, and sat down on a log—like Jonah under the gourd—and, gazing out on the rippling waves of the bay, desired that death or relief might come. I was determined to sit there until God or Satan made good his claim upon

me. Suddenly relief came. The fierce onset upon my intellect ceased. I was made whole. I 'leaped and walked.' The means of my relief I never knew.

But my lesson was not complete. I had but just informed my medical friend of my deliverance (he had scoured the neighborhood, and informed several of the cause of his fears), when there were mutterings and growlings of another approaching storm. The messengers of Satan sent to buffet me gave me to understand that they had not abandoned their prey, but were sure of it yet. They poured the wrath of hell upon my defenceless head that afternoon. I have not, hitherto, attempted to offer much direct proof to the uninitiated that my experiences, in this connection, were other than hallucination. That which now occurred is, as it seems to me, in the nature of such proof. Here was I thoroughly alarmed for my safety, and extremely anxious to get rid of my tormentors. Yet, not for a single moment now, could I close my mental ears to their horrid clangor of threats and imprecations; for, throwing off all restraint, they flooded me with Billingsgate. They cursed and damned me, and all persons, things, and ideas esteemed by me, in the most approved style. Indeed, the swearing exceeded anything I ever heard on the Mississippi and Alabama river boats, when forced, for lack of room, to sleep on the floor of the saloon, almost under the feet of the chivalry, during their midnight gambling carousals.

The mode of speech is not easily described. Sometimes the words came slowly and distinctly. Again there would be merely thought-panorama presented. A complete statement or view of things can be flashed into the mind in an instant. Therefore the language of spirits is of vastly greater compass than that of men. These immortal blackguards could vomit more oaths and other blasphemy in five minutes, than a mortal one could in an hour. If it is difficult to translate from

one earth-language into another, how much harder must it be to bring the ideas of an inner sphere into outward forms of expression !

They told me that it was their intention to open my clairvoyant faculty now with a vengeance. For, having fairly accomplished it, they would worry me to death or madness by the continual sight and hearing of all that hell could show or conjure up. I only wish that a few of those Sadducees who philosophize all this sort of thing into moonshine, could be, for a while, as sore beset as I was on that eventful day ! It would need but a few minutes' parley with these 'fierce Ephesian beasts' to induce them to repeat the language of an older sceptic, who returned from the dead to the friend who had discussed immortality with him, and who exclaimed, as he passed from sight :

'Michael ! Michael ! *vera sunt illa !*'

The scheme of the diabolians seemed so feasible that I was greatly perplexed. They had shown themselves able to keep me awake the two preceding nights ; and I knew that, if permitted, they could accomplish their purpose in that way alone. How much, then, would the perpetual sight of fiery flying dragons, horned satyrs, and other hideous half-human creatures, tearing around, with mouths agape to take me in—while other lost souls flitted about as flying serpents, bats, and owls—hasten the evil work. I thought over all the horrible forms portrayed in the Catholic purgatory pictures, and described by delirium tremens subjects, until I was a thousand times more anxious to have the eyes of my spirit kept shut, than I ever had been to have them opened.

I tried to exorcise the foe by reading the Bible ; but this only increased their jeering at the '— fool,' whom they had worked hard to get, had got, and meant to keep, in spite of 'bell, book, and candle.' Truly 'their mouths were full of cursing and bitterness.'

Did space permit, and were it not that the printing of oaths, which has become so fashionable even in respectable periodicals, is hurtful to morals, I could fill pages with their jeers, taunts, blasphemies, threats, and execrations.

I left my private room, and went among the household, in hopes that, amid busy outer scenes, the hold of the invisible tigers would be loosed. But then, while conversing on commonplace subjects, I realized more fully than ever upon what a *fearful precipice* the heedless spiritist is ever sporting. For, clearer, more distinct, came threats, curses, goblin laughter ; and 'Fool ! dolt !' was the cry.

'Simpleton, etc., think you that the company of women and children will save you, when the mightiest spirits (angels they call themselves) cannot now rend you from our grasp ? As soon as we choose, we will tear your silly soul out of your carcase ; and then we will make a veritable Lucifer of you. '*Lucifer !* LUCIFER ! star of the morning ! how art thou fallen, and become as one of us !' Ha ! ha ! ha ! yes ! yes ! you must go with us. We fancy you. For a callow priest, you have a deal of music in you. Would-be Samson, you must grind in our prison house and sport in our temple ; the pillars whereof you can never cause to tremble.'

They said that I was a 'coward—dared not face a set of shadows, figments of the brain, empty nothings.' I saw that 'vain was the help of man ;' and, retiring to my room, had an awful season of worse than 'temptation combats.'

Then came the last scene in the tragic part of my unromantic experience. One of the artful dodgers, having transformed himself into an angel of light (in my hearing, not in my sight), informed me, at about eight o'clock in the evening, that, though my destruction appeared imminent, there was one way of escape left. My own prayers were useless : but if I would get down

on my knees, and repeat a confession and supplication at his dictation, it might avail. Enslaved as I was, I of course complied; and then underwent a humiliation that, even in my horrified state, was very bitter. I had always, in my most puritanical days, kicked at the doctrine that we are all such abominable, hell-deserving, *self*-degraded creatures, responsible for our own ruin, that it is the wonder of creation that God would give our souls any least chance of heaven. I had always felt with Tennyson:

‘Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, and Thou art *just*.’

But now I was forced to change all this; and for once I uttered a perfectly orthodox prayer. Slow and distinct came the words, which I must perforce repeat as slowly, though every one was a bitter pill. I was made to say that I was entirely mistaken in supposing myself a Christian (in the ‘evangelical’ sense); that I had been a fool, a braggart, a sort of impostor; that my life had been one series of shams and follies; that I had disgraced my religious profession, etc., etc., *ad nauseam*, winding up with the abject declaration that I deserved to go straight to ‘the city of Dis, and the three-headed dog;’ and that if I was spared, it would be ‘a miracle of mercy.’

The higher powers must have thought that I had swallowed enough of this hell-broth; for, at this juncture, the dictation and compulsion suddenly ceased. I stood upon my feet, no longer a slave. It seemed as if some grand, calm Ithuriel had touched with his spear-point the venomous toad that sat by my ear, or the wily serpent that ‘held me (enchanted) with his glittering eye.’ From that moment to this, I have not been, for an instant, seriously annoyed by invisible disturbers of the peace.

A sweet quiet came over me; I went to bed and slept soundly. The next day I determined to complete the exorcism by walking a dozen miles into the country, to visit a relation. The only trace of the fearful scenes through which I had passed, consisted in the fact that my head was still all ablaze with the foul, gross magnetic fluids of my extormentors; and was so hot that I found it agreeable to walk with my hat off. I was two days getting rid of the heat.

Though I had no more sulphur tea to drink, I was not yet weaned from the invisible milk and water. I was at once informed, by ‘respectable appearing’ spirits, that my trials had appeared necessary, because I had thrown myself open to promiscuous communication with the other world—a thing peculiarly dangerous in my case; and that I could now see the propriety of never again surrendering my manhood, my individuality, and my common sense to any brigand in or out of the body. I was also told that it never had been intended to use me for any important mediumistic purpose, except so far as my experience might be useful. So I gradually let the thing drop. Regarding the new light as scientific rather than religious, I long since pigeon-holed it among my sciences. I sardonically tell total Sadducees that I have placed it among the *exact* sciences.

I am sorry that I am unable to enlighten the novel-reading reader further concerning the ‘prima donna;’ but that is a delicate subject under existing circumstances. So presenting, herewith, the bright and sulphurous end of the Lucifer Match under the nose of a discerning public, I will watch the upcurling and dilating of nostrils. As I pen these last lines, the live lady looking over my shoulder smiles scornfully.









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